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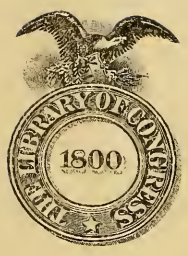

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WITH THE
351st
IN FRANCE

WITH THE

351st

IN FRANCE.

(A DIARY)

COMPILED BY

SERGEANT WILLIAM O. ROSS

—AND—

CORPORAL DUKE L. SLAUGHTER
Battery "B" 351st Field Artilery

* * * * * * * * *

PUBLISHED BY
THE AFRO—AMERICAN COMPANY
BALTIMORE.

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IT TOOK THE 351st FIELD ARTILLERY
TO MAKE THE KAISER LAY HIS WEAPONS DOWN
IT TOOK THE 351st FIELD ARTILLERY
TO MAKE THE KAISER SHED HIS CROWN
WHEN THE 351st BEGAN TO STRUTT HER STUFF
OLD KAISER BILL SAID, "THE GOING'S TOO ROUGH."
IT TOOK THE 351st FIELD ARTILLERY
TO MAKE THE KAISER LAY HIS WEAPONS DOWN."

* * * * * * *

JUNE 16—There was moving and rumors of moving. Already the 368th Infantry was on the high seas, and our daily programs for the past three weeks were sufficient evidence that we were soon to follow. Quoting the "Latreen Herald," some said that we were to move, first to Camp Upton, (New York) where we were to pass thru a more thorough physical examination, and which examination would require at least ten days, while others, with the "latest Latreen," had it that we were to sail from an "Atlantic port" in less than a week.

And this was Sunday after the second greatest day of festivities that Camp Meade had witnessed since it had given birth to the two regiments: the 368th Infantry and the 351st Field Artillery.

The first great day was when the 368th gave its parting reception and friends from one hundred miles around and even further, had made their last, and some their first and only visit to the old camp. This, however, was Sunday, after our great day, for on Saturday, (June 15) we were in the glory of our feasting, dancing and other similar activities which were wont to precede such

occasions; and now we had come to the last few hours of parting—hours of soft regret.

Passing in review, and some for the last time, while thousands of mothers, wives, sweethearts and dear friends looked on, the 351st, with muffled martial tread, swung through the estwhile Company streets of the 368th Infantry, up the sandy hill, past the bandstand and into the waiting cars.

A mass of gushing black smoke, a creaking, grinding strain of engine wheels and amid a multitude of waving, tear-stained hankerchiefs, the waving of a thousand hats and hands of as many different styles and hues, our double-header pulled out. As the white tops of the solid mass of barracks faded away behind the towering pines, we waved farewell to old Camp Meade and to one lone guard who walked his post on the outskirts of the camp.

Now as the train came to a slow-down at the great Philadelphia station (B. & O.) the gates flew open and in surged another multitude of relatives and friends to say their last good-bye. Here the ladies of the Red Cross served us to sandwiches, block cream and cigarettes. But soon the City of Brotherly Love, too, was at our backs and we were making for the State of New Jersey.

JUNE 17—Up the Hudson River we were ferried to Hoboken, where, outside the big warehouse door, in modest majesty lay the "Great Northern." Here in the warehouse, we were again served by the ladies of the Red Cross; this time to hot coffee and buns. Through the warehouse door and up the gangplank no less than two thousand Yanks streamed—the 317th Sanitary Train from Camp Funston, a detachment of Signal Corpsmen and a detachment of Engineers, both white and both from Camp McClellan (Ala.) and the 351st Field Artillery from Camp Meade. As we passed onto the gangplank each man was given a slip of paper bearing the following instructions:

U. S. S. GREAT NORTHERN

SAFETY REGULATIONS

IN FORCE AT ALL TIMES

****

Troop Space 4C Bunk No. 78 Abandon Ship, Unit 2

Nothing to be thrown overboard.

Nothing to be thrown in the Heads.

All refuse to receptacles provided. Dumped only as ordered.

IN FORCE ALWAYS WHEN AT SEA.

Screen lights at sunset.

After sunset, no smoking on weather decks—no lights, no matches.

The ship carries very little fresh water. Use sparingly

All watertight doors to be kept closed, except for access.

Do not open air ports.

Ship's company berth only as assigned.

IN FORCE ONLY IN SUBMARINE ZONE:

Do not take off any clothing.

Keep warmly clad.

Keep your life belt on day and night, at all times.

No hammocks for ship's company.

Ship's company camp out nearest to stations as ordered

WARNING!

Failure to comply: court-martial charges.

W. W. PHELPS, Captain U. S. Navy.

Commanding U. S. S. Great Northern.

Hustling to our assigned bunks each man soon had his pack unslung and was ready to explore this great big transport.

JUNE 18—Today we spent in rambling, both on and below deck. The mess hall is in the salon. Swinging tables fill that space where ordinarily tables with legs could not easily be placed. The meals are prepared in huge copper kettels, bread is baked on board the ship and the toilet arrangements are excellent, with that one common exception—salt water. The upper deck is covered with rafts and on the "aft" a large box sets which we think contains an aeroplane. Four six inch guns crown her decks "fore" and "aft"; also two machine guns and two one pounders. Watch stations are numerous—about ten—from which guards keep watch for submarines. The sailors are ever busy with their endless chain of ropes but seemingly never accomplish much. In the offiers' dining room there are Negro and Japanese boys wearing white coats which contrast beautifully with their dark skins. We may sail tomorrow as soon as the oil is pumped in from the oil boat which has lain along side us for the last two days.

JUNE 19—The gangplank drawn, the port holes closed and she swings for open sea. No sign of life on the decks—a guard against spies. Through the port holes we wave good-bye to patriotic passengers on ferry boats plying between New York and the Jersey side.

Below deck it was smothering to us who were accustomed to the open air of army life, therefore, after we were about five knots off the coast we were ordered on deck. The scene had changed from "the silvery sands of old Camp Meade" to that of a blue sea; and somewhere beyond this great ocean that stretched away before our eyes, lay a world of misery, tumult and unrest, and of which we, too, were soon to become a part. Close on, behind, the Sister Ship was drawing up; destroyers on either side, were gliding through this mirror of emer-

ald blue while from above we were guarded by patrolling aeroplanes.

Surely we were off, and as Gotham's towering skyline faded in the deepening twilight mists, we waved good-bye to the Statue of Liberty and threw one last fond kiss. The stars and moon came out; the sea was calm, and in the excitement of our first night out no less than two thousand Yanks stood guard. There is no more thrilling experience than that of watching for submarines in a treacherous sea.

JUNE 20—We wake to find ourselves well into the deep waters, and after a very early morning rain the wind is fair. The sun comes up—a sight most beautiful. Our Sister Ship glides placidly along abreast, while on either side are torpedo destroyers. The floating cloud patches waste away, the sun breaks through a silvery haze and as the blue sea unrolls to view, far down to the southeast flashes a scouting aeroplane. On board there are the cheerful and the sea-sick, and while the sea-sick grovel in their more sickening corners the cheerful swarm the decks, their eyes bent toward the skyline, still on guard for lurking submarines. Once today our machine guns blazed away at sharks and at night when all was dark they fired again, but at what, no one knew as no one could see.

JUNE 21—Our third day out and the weather favorable—slightly cold and a light wind. This morning we will have a little target practice. The gunners are very busy preparing for action, bustling about getting the projectiles ready and getting the powder charges in shape. Now our Sister Ship (a transport by day but by night a ghostly shadow against a hazy sea) takes a zigzag course and drops a long rope to which is attached an instrument which acts like a spray in the water. Our gunners get the range, deflection and elevation, and soon the guns belch forth. The target is hit and the ship's vast cargo of human freight is set clamoring with rasping applause. No greater comfort can come to us than the knowledge

ORDNANCE COMPANY 351st FIELD ARTILLERY

of good gunners aboard, and as our ship speeds on, there seems to come over all a feeling of security. In the afternoon we listened to a band concert by the 317th Sanitary Train Band. From 3:30 to 4:00 p. m., we had physical drill which was preceeded by a morning inspection similar to those Saturday morning inspections back in camp.

JUNE 22—The waves roll high for the sea is rough. A fellow can hardly stay on foot; the wind is sharp, and those who are on deck wear raincoats or overcoats. Just to think of it—the 22nd of June and at Camp Meade it was too hot to wear a blouse. But such is life on the sea for newcomers, and eastward, ever eastward we sail on. After evening mess the dining room was crowded to its limits with both soldiers and sailors to listen to a very interesting program. At 8 the program began. Among us were some very good talent and very soon the dangers of a submarine infested sea were forgotten. Every one was enjoying the best concert we had witnessed in a long, long time, and it was not until 10 o'clock that our enjoyment came to an end. But now as we enter the WAR ZONE every one must be quiet and as the night grows old the boys scatter to their bunks and are soon fast asleep.

JUNE 23—This is a perfect morning; the blue sea glitters and flashes under the hot sun, unruffled by wind and only bursting into a long line of creamy foam where it licks the camouflaged sides of our swiftly gliding transport. It is warm and the sailors tell us we are passing through the Gulf Stream. This morning I think of home and of the pleasures of my delightful Sundays—a fine breakfast, and then the remainder of the day my own, to "sport it" too, just as I choose. Our band is entertaining on the upper deck—some national airs and some sacred music made spicy by a little of our old popular ragtime. The applause is great.

It is now afternoon and as we bask in the warm sunshine on the upper deck, the alarm for abandon ship drill

is sounded. Every man is up and off in a flash, to get to his unit. Just as all were about settled a shot was fired. Many of the fellows were terribly frightened for they thought a mine or submarine had struck our transport. Another shot was heard, but our nerves were more steady and we waited only to find that the shots had been fired at a bouy. Another shot, but this third one passed thru the remains of what had once been a bouy. Again we had a feeling of security for now we knew that wherever old Fritze might chance to show himself, if he even dared, he would be greeted with a warm reception.

This evening, at sundown, off our starboard side, at quite a distance, two ships leaped in sight. That condor's vision of two thousand Yanks bent to seaward and swept the skyline with a single glance. They gave us no signal and our transports fired. Not until we had fired ten times did we get the signal that these were Allied vessels. Soon all was quiet again. But as we were in the war zone we kept constantly on watch. After a good mess we were entertained in the mess hall with the movies.

JUNE 24—A pleasant morning with a calm sea before us. About eight o'clock the signal came to the gunners that a noise was heard off the bow. With the quickness of an eagle, they pounced upon an object about eight hundred yards away (a whale) and fired. We were not able to determine the result of the fire, but no whale was afterwards seen. Whales have been known to capsize very large vessels or to injure them in collisions to such an extent that they are put out of commission, therefore gunners always fire on them, but now (in time of war) gunners fearing treachery fire at almost anything.

I am beginning to feel like a sailor, now, after four days out. Tomorrow we hope to pull into port.

Tonight is a busy night for me as I am Sergeant of the Guard with a detail of twenty-five privates and two corporals. We are in the most dangerous part of the war zone and every guard and every member of the crew must be constantly on the alert. We are to meet a tor-

pedo destroyer and a convoy tonight and all troops are ordered to make reveille at 3:15 a. m., as there might be an alarm sounded and every one must be in his unit without unnecessary rushing or crowding.

JUNE 25—At 11 o'clock I came off guard and lay down upon the deck for a few hours rest. I had hardly fallen asleep when the alarm sounded. The boys came pouring out on deck and pushing in and out until they found their proper places. There are no convoys in sight yet and the sailors tell us that we are about five hundred miles off the coast of France. Day is breaking, but no sun, for it is cloudy. We are anxiously, and, maybe, a little too anxiously, awaiting for convoys to put in their appearance. I am still Sergeant of the Guard and it keeps me hustling to get my men together, get their mess, and have them posted on time.

Now as the convoys draw in sight, the entire ship is wild with joy. It is nine o'clock and as they draw up, two take their places alongside the Sister Ship and two alongside us. The journey is fast drawing to its end and so far all is well. Submarine fears are ended and although the submarine chasers are swaying to and fro, switching and turning all around us, just as if they were on the heated trail of some undersea demon, we fear no evil for the very sight of them strengthens our sense of security. As twilight time comes stealing, and the shadows of our many convoys lengthen, the crew begins to screen the lights and no smoking is allowed. Most of the fellows are growing weary now and as they had only a short night's rest, and must get up at 2:30 a. m., they are seeking out their bunks in cozy corners near the smoke stacks.

JUNE 26—Answering the alarm we were up and out on time. Early this morning the band gave a concert—cheering the boys over the "last, long mile," and trying to shorten the journey. Towards noon we were met by a French destroyer, so now we have an abundance of protection. Now aeroplanes and even a dirgible come into

view, giving renewed energy and adding more cheer to the anxious Yanks.

Behold the lighthouse and then the land!

As we enter the great port of Brest we see numerous vessels laying outside the wall—the breakwater. Our ship anchors.

Brest sits on a hill that is dotted with myriads of smoky gray houses that look out over the waters. Sloping away on one side it is flanked by a vast wall giving the appearance of a fort, while on the other side it slopes away only to return to the water's edge. Soon the crew is busy unloading the ship and details from each battalion are sent to help them and to stand guard. The boys are at a loss as how to keep up with the time. The days are long, and the sun sets at 8:30 p. m., but, seemingly, it is never dark. The moon comes out in its brilliancy and appears to be just over the hill.

JUNE 27—Reveille at 4:00 a. m. The boys were astir with more vigor than during the past week, and as the ferry boat which was to take us over to the wharf, drew along side the ship, we were prancing like horses in our anxiety to get unloaded.

It was nine o'clock as we drew up to the wharf. Colored stevedores were busy on the docks, and as far as we could see along the waters' edge. Many of them turned aside from their work to greet us and to stare. Old Boche watched us too, as he stood under guard, a prisoner as he should have been long years ago. Our Battery was soon formed and the entire Regiment began its hike (the first on foreign soil, and now, as the 351st F. A., A. E. F.) through the streets of Brest and out to the Pontanazen Barracks.

"Cigaretts for pa pa" and an "Oh! la, la," from some high window were our first introduction to the land of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." We notice that almost everyone wears black and we take it that it is because the French are mourning for their dead heroes.

The boys wear aprons which cover their clothing from the knee up. We see in a little hovel, near the road, a number of women washing in the water of a pool, and as some kneel and rub others are pounding the linen with a wooden paddle. No young men are to be seen for they are in the trenches. The young women are cordial, and from her window one yelled to us in plain English, "hello boys!"

As we turned to the left on the high road, in the distance a high wall with an arched entrance flashed into view. This was Pontanazen Barracks. But outside the wall in the tents we rested and for several days we were here in the dust and filth of this foreign camp—so different from Camp Meade—no water, poor food and numerous other things which enter into making a soldier's fare miserable.

When we broke camp and hiked back to the little station where we were to board the train for some city further inland, we were very much surprised and amused too, at the sight of the little dinky engine and the cramped-up and shabby little box cars on which we were to make the trip. "Hommes—40 and Cheaveux—14" read the capacity sign, and sure enough we were piled into these miserable little cars 40 to a car. Thus we began our first journey by rail in France and great was our discomfort. Taking the route through LeMans and down through Poitiers, traveling would have been a pleasure but for our cramped-up positions. The scenery was beautiful. On our second morning out of Brest, we were permitted to get out of our cars at the station of a very pretty little village, where we washed, filled our canteens with water and were served to hot coffee by French soldiers. The coffee was not sweet. The scenery was indeed beautiful; the rivers, mountains, valleys, forests and acres of excellent crops. And we wonder now, with all the men at the front, how the harvest will be. One of the beautiful little towns in which we stopped to feed reminds me of Camden's (N. J.) beauty. Here, too, the

people were cordial, but many stared at us as if they had never before seen an American soldier. This was Montmorillion and on a large bridge under which the train entered to the station, many French women and children crowded and stared at us as we fed our hungry selves.

JULY 4th.—We were not here long but piled back into the skimpy box cars and were soon again on our journey. The train came to a stop at the little station of of Lathus. We were given orders to detrain. Slinging packs, we were soon on a road march. Just about one mile from the station we came to a large diamond shaped field where cows were grazing. Marching in we lined up according to batteries and were ordered to pitch tents Soon we had changed this beautiful field from an idle plot of weeded soil upon which village cows grazed to that of a hustling, bustling American Artillery Camp.

In the way of a Fourth of July Celebration every Battery was treated to rich French wine of which every member drank freely.

JULY 5th,—The French are celebrating their Independence Day and although Lathus is a very small village, it is very noticeable that they are having a gala day. Our pieces arrived today and we are overjoyed. In the afternoon many visitors from "kilometers" around came in to see us to get some idea of the American soldiers' camp life. They were very friendly and sang for us. Our band in return played for them. This was a day of introduction for us; the beginning of acquaintances which grew to be real sincere in their natures, and we began to show our appreciation even on this first day by walking home with some of our new acquaintances who lived nearby.

JULY 6.--Now, after almost three weeks of rest we are entering our real training as members of the A. E. F. The gun squads are being picked, instrument and telephone details are being formed while others are studying the care of horses. But there are new formations to learn--gun drills and practice artillery drills for a horse

drawn artillery regiment. Old squad-righting is no more and but for a five-mile hike to the river on Sundays and Wednesdays all is heavy artillery.

JULY 7—Now at it in real earnest, we are learning about the deflection, range elevation and different powder charges, while telephone men are stretching wires all over the field. A school for those who wish to learn to speak French is held every afternoon and those who had a little previous knowledge of the language are in attendance.

JULY 8—The Battery offices have been concentrated over the nearest wine shop on the main street, while Headquarters are located nearer, and in a more spacious building. Details are busily engaged getting these offices straightened out while others attend to the hauling of the water and the building of a guard house. After retreat we are permitted to leave the camp in details and to visit on the main street where we pass the time with the little French madamoiselles and gather around the tables of the wine shops. We have learned of "cognac" the very popular but strictly forbidden French drink, (forbidden because of its highly intoxicating quality.) But there are wines and beer, and oceans of both—soft drinks —but we have no French money, nor have we learned to count it. Most of us, when purchasing any article, extract a hand-full of money of a small denomination and hold it in our hand while madam takes out the price of a drink. She, too, is just as ignorant as to how to count our money and very often takes two American dimes for fifty centimes each, or, as many quarters (counting each to equal the French franc) as she would charge us francs if we had the French money.

JULY 9—There is no rest, of course, in this army, and today, just as on many others. we are hard at it. Daily drills and physical exercises and inspections of all kinds. The boys are learning to speak the language and quite often after retreat they are seen promenading in the

lanes near the hedges with the madamoiselles. Band concerts are given every afternoon in the church yard on the main street.

JULY 14—Today the boys left for LaCourtine, to the machine gun school, to the telephone school and others to get horses in Toulouse.

JULY 15—A corporal from each Battery was sent to gas school today, Corporal Holloman being sent from our Battery. Other details were sent into southern France to get trucks. We think they went to Bordeaux.

AUGUST 4—Today we "pulled off" a great track meet: sprinting, high and broad jumping, fatigue races, tug of war and similar stunts. Many visitors came as spectators and many as the result of a direct invitation. It can be very readily seen that we are making progress with our French. Tomorrow will find quite a number of us attending their religious services for they are as interesting as they are strange, and on Sundays especially are there many pretty visitors in the village from neighboring towns and from their homes in the country.

AUGUST 5—Today we listened to an excellent sermon by our Chaplain, Lieutenant Woolfork, and had song service. After noon mess we were allowed to go out of camp. Today the Madamoiselles are all "dolled up" and instead of the clumsy wooden shoes they are wearing their high heeled boots. They also have on hats which is part of their Sunday dress. Ordinarily they go without hats even in the rain. Many have come in from neighboring towns in their dainty little carts and some on bicycles. Today we hiked to the river for a bath and to wash our soiled clothes. Many men, women and children watched us while we washed ourselves nor did they seem the least bit embarrassed. In the afternoon our band gave a concert. The boys, and many of them with their French sweethearts, were the happy audience.

Money is running low. No pay since we struck France—gee!

AUGUST 11—The 312th Field Artillery (white) has made its appearance in the town. Now it so happened that a certain sergeant is very much in love with a little wine shop madamoiselle near the bakery. He has helped her serve the boys to wine and beer and has made quite a trade for his little fiancee. He says they are married and when we ask her she replies in the affirmative. Today the wine rooms were crowded, both up and down stairs, with both white and colored soldiers.

Friday was payday, and in French money. Most likely intoxiated, a white soldier inquired, "where is that 'nigger' waiter?" Then pandemonium reigned. A free for all fight started, and in a very short while the whole village was in an uproar. The Colonel was sent for, but our Colonel was out of the city. Very soon the Colonel of the 312th came on the scene pleading and begging the boys that they do no mischief. A double guard was ordered out. While the fight progressed, the band was called out to attract the boys from the thickest part of the fray. Finally the crowd was dispersed and the "poor white" was taken limping to the camp by his comrades. One of our boys received a stab wound in the leg. Later we learned that the "poor white" was taken ill and passed over.

Our boys were ordered back to camp, but we all are in the same camp and as they returned they sang and yelled and whooped. In their pup tents could be heard the snapping of triggers and as the night grew on they formed in groups where from time to time hardier spirits uttered profane and ear-burning oaths.

AUGUST 12—At 4:00 a. m., we were awakened, rolled our packs, had mess by the light of a great barn fire and, of course, policed up. Then to the step of our excellent band music we marched through the main street of Lathus and into the same little dinky box cars which had brought us here just eight weeks ago. As we passed near the church I saw some women crying and I wondered just how many times they had experienced this sad

parting during the four years that so many of their own boys had left them. "Death awaits you too. The same cruel death that has claimed so many of our sons and for whom now our nation mourns," is what they seemed to say as they stood bidding us good-bye with tears in their eyes.

We have learned to love Lathus and even though there are not enough girls for all the fellows, we like Lathus all the more. Now we are leaving Lathus to the whites and most likely forever, but we leave feeling that in return for their genuine hospitality we will fight the harder as each day we draw nearer the front.

At the station our sweethearts and friends came to say good-bye, and we left Lathus feeling that we were leaving our own homes. The trip was a short one this time, through many more beautiful and interesting villages and towns. We stopped only once or twice to eat and fill our canteens. Begging cigaretts, many children greeted us at nearly every station. We threw them cigaretts, tobacco and pennies.

After an eight hour ride we pulled into LaCourtine. Getting off the train we were formed and marched thru the main street up to the camp. Unslinging our packs as we entered the large rooms of the spacious barracks, we were soon comfortably settled and fixed for a good night's rest.

AUGUST 13—This is Camp LaCourtine, one of the largest artillery camps in France. The town proper nestles in the valley away up in the mountains. Around the station is LaCourtine proper, but, there is "High Town" up on the hill, just as large and just as pretty. The barracks cover many acres, stretching from near the heart of the city along the lake until they reach the foot of the mountain which we climb to get to the range. Today, while we were not on detail, we were exploring both in camp and in town. The 58th (white) artillery is here, but they are planning to leave. They tell us that the 349th and 350th (colored) are soon to come here.

They wear their gas masks and steel helmets at all times, even sleeping in them, and tell us that we, too, must do the same before we leave for the front.

There are beaucoup l'vin shops and tonight they are doing a rushing business.

AUGUST 14—The telephone details, machine gunners, horsemen, truck drivers and all other details have rejoined us. We have brought our horses from Lathus and are beginning to receive an abundance of harness. We are busier than ever now and have formed an instrument detail. Out in the park the boys are still in artillery drills and very soon they say our pieces (guns) will be moved to the range. In the afternoon, after retreat, I attended the movies at the excellent Y. M. C. A. building. This is indeed a lovely building: a big canteen and lunch room in one end where we are served to sandwiches, peaches, pears, and hot chocolate; while at the canteen, we buy cigaretts, tobacco, cakes and the like. Over to the commissary we are permitted to buy in bulk—boxes of cigars, cartons of cigarettes, cans of jam, towels and the like. Upstairs is the movie and vaudeville room. The reading room is in the long wooden barracks across the street, behind which is also a room for indoor games—pool, billiards, checkers and others. Behind is the tennis court and in front a large drill ground where in the afternoons we play ball.

AUGUST 15—Hiking around the mountain sides we drink in the real beauty of the country for kilometers around. The gun squads drill in the park; the telephone details are stretching wires everywhere; the machine gun squads are busily running here and there with their guns while the horsemen are harnessing and unharnessing lame and sickly horses. We bathe in the stream that runs into the lake and eat on the side of the road that comes up by the hospital. Many vendors of fruits, nuts and the New York Herald and Daily Mail come and stand at the gates of the camp from early in the morning until late in the evenings. In the evenings we are permitted

to leave the camp. Many go to the "Y" to enjoy the movies, to the reading room or to the barracks of indoor games, while those of more venturesome natures, go to High Town where they eat twenty and thirty franc meals and drink their fill of the delicious wines and champagne.

AUGUST 16—Our new guns have come in, and to me, they look too pretty to shoot, but shoot them we must, and off to the range we go. We have placed them in position far up the mountain side and tomorrow we will try our hand at firing. The 349th and 350th Regiments have moved into the barracks below us and they, too, are hustling their pieces into position while behind us near the guard-house the 317th Trench Mortar Battalion is as busy as a bee trying to get their stumpy little pieces in shape for the drive against the Kaiser. In a very interesting ball game between the 58th F. A. (white) and the 349th F. A., the latter were winners. At night I attended the movies and the vaudeville—soldiers, both white and colored, performing.

AUGUST 17—I am Chief of Section of the 1st Platoon, and now the real fun begins. We are to shoot for the first time today, and all are nervous. The shells are brought up, the powder charges arranged, the primers and fuses are gotten in readiness and we stuff our ears with cotton. The shells are very heavy, some weighing as much as seventy-five pounds.

FIRING DATA.

Executive: Elevation 2305.

Chief of Section: 2305.

Ex: "Deflection 450."
Ch. of Sec. "Deflection 450."

Ex. "Shell F. A."
Ch. of Sec. "Shell F. A."

Ex. "Fuse S. R."
Ch. of Sec. "Fuse S. R.

Ex. "Charge 0."
Ch. of Sec. "Charge 0."

Ex. "Battery Right."
Ch. of Sec. "Battery Right."

Ex. "Six Rounds."
Ch. of Sec. "Six Rounds."

Ex. "Fire at my command, 30 second intervals."
Ch. of Sec. "Fire at my command, 30 second intervals.

Gunner. "Set."
No. 1. "Ready."

Ch. of Sec. "Stand Clear." "No. 1 Gun Squad in order, sir." (Salute.)

Ex. "Fire."
Ch. of Sec. "Fire."

All stand clear and old Gussie belches forth for the first time. A wicked whistling across the sky as the terrible projectile takes its course through the air. Another order comes down and we repeat the feat. We fired about twenty-five shots today and at night, after taps, about twenty-five thousand words were exchanged in the excitement of this our first experience.

AUGUST 18—Now that we are getting acquainted with LaCourtine, the girls begin to attract us and many of us visit nearby towns to pay calls. It is getting too cold to bathe in the stream and now we go to shower baths twice each week at the hospital. After retreat, in the battery street, the boys play football—kicking the ball—while others go to the movies or remain in their squad rooms and "roll the bones." We have now four regular and four reserve gun squads. They go out alternately and fire every day. The horses are being trained (rather

exercised, poor devils) and now we must wear our gas masks and steel helmets twenty-four hours each day.

AUGUST 19—We go on long hikes wearing our gas masks and visit the gas proof dugouts. This afternoon we went to the gas house where every fellow was led into a room filled with gas and then made to remove his mask. Out on the range the boys are still at it while even there the madamoiselles come to visit them, and Oh! la, la. Sweet Pa Pa. (Compre?)

SEPTEMBER 8—Today we are digging in new positions while the rain pats us on our backs. Tonight we may get more cognac. The boys back at the barracks still squads right and go on long hikes, wearing their gas masks. The guards have been given instructions to arrest all men found not wearing their gas masks and helmets. Our barrack bags are being taken from us and all extra equipment. It is rumored that we are soon to leave for the front. Next week we will lay a barrage at night, and then the regulars rest up while the reserves go in for real practice.

SEPTEMBER 9—Today we fired from 7:30 a. m. until 4:30 p. m. For almost a month now we have been battling away here, striving against ignorance and preparing to meet old Fritze. After retreat the band plays in the Battery street or may render a concert in the band stand in front of the "Y." It is rumored that we are to give up the horses and get tractors. Today the 312th suffered the loss of three of their gunners when the breech block of one of their 75s was blown off.

OCTOBER 1.—The tractors are here and the tractor drivers are as busy as bees, learning to "strutt their stuff." Tonight we laid a barrage and the entire Regiment was present to see the boys in action. The rocket signal went up and the pieces were turned loose. The entire sky was ablaze and the noise of projectiles whistling through the air sounded like a thousand racing freight cars sweeping down some long incline. The colonel (Colonel W. H.

BATTERY "A" 351st FIELD ARTILLERY

Carpenter, for now Colonel Cole has left the Regiment) was well pleased and complimented the boys highly.

OCTOBER 4—Battery "A" lost one of their men tonight he was run down while assisting a detail that was moving their gun in a new position. The Spanish Influenza is raging and our boys are getting a daily spray of nose and throat; the squad rooms are mopped out every day with a disinfectant water. Our blankets are given a thorough airing when the sun comes out and it is not raining, and thus every precaution is taken to protect the boys from the rages of this awful epidemic. The boys of the 312th are dropping out six and seven a day. The "Y" has been closed and every wine shop made to close its doors until the epidemic is checked.

OCTOBER 12—We attended the funeral of Private David F. Walker today. The entire Regiment, headed by the band, marched to the hospital where friends acting as pall bearers, bore the body to its last resting place, while the Regiment headed by the band marched behind. After brief remarks by the Chaplain, the casket was lowered into the grave, the rifles fired over the body and taps blown. This was a repitition of a similar ceremony upon the death of Private Willie Lee of Battery A.

Many of our boys are being sent to the hospital while others are being moved into separate barracks and there quarantined.

IN MEMORY OF

WHO DIED OF PNEUMONIA

AT LA COURTINE, FRANCE

PRIVATE DAVID F. WALKER

Asleep where the hill slopes away to the West,
And the wind whispers through the pines;
Beneath the green French heather
Until the end of time.

They buried him on the side of the hill
That slopes away to the West;
For over the sea where the red sun sinks.
Are the friends whom he loved the best.
The same fleeting rays which dimly shine
On his newly sunken grave;
Kiss the cheeks of a wife and mother
In the land of the free and the brave.

And when victory shall herald the day of peace
Throughout the realm of man;
They'll write his name on the honor roll
Back in his native land.
'First of the Battery to pay the price
Of victory beyond the sea;
First to answer the bugle's call
From time to eternity.

"At rest!" has been given, and also "At ease,"
By the General who rules supreme,
A friend we knew and loved is gone
The past is as a dream.
A comrade has fallen from out our ranks
But his spirit spurs us on,
'Til we wake to victory and peace
On the day of the Judgment Morn"

OCTOBER 13—The 349th and 350th Artilleries are talking about moving to the front and are bringing their pieces in. Surely we are to follow, but there is no "Latreen" to that effect yet. Tonight they are having a swell banquet—chicken and all other dainties that they are able to get here where everything is scarce and as high as the sky—and cognac too. These two regiments are highly thought of, because of their excellent showing on the range, and for their splendid ball teams. The 350th also have the best talent of any regiment that has yet been put on program at the "Y."

OCTOBER 20—Every single horse in the camp has disappeared and we are motorized beyond a doubt. The horsemen now are relieved of their picket line duties and are again hiking with the other boys. The boys are not permitted to leave the camp without a pass. and only 25 percent of a Battery each night-another step to check the spreading of the "Flu." The 349th and 350th Artilleries have moved out and are on their way to the Front. Every fellow in the regiment has been given notice to dispense with all useless junk for we too, are to leave for the front in short. We are having daily inspections of all kinds while they continue to spray our throats and make us wear our gas masks and helmets.

OCTOBER 25—Farewell Battery entertainments are the fad at the "Y" now and Battery "A" is pulling off its stunt tonight. With its Jazz Band and Sergeant Gresham they are making the hit of the season. In the dining hall sandwiches, cakes and hot chocolate are being served.—What a wonderful night.

OCTOBER 26—Tonight was our night of entertaining. With Sergeant Pettigrew in charge and Sergeant Harry Hunt Jr., acting master of ceremonies we pulled off the most spicy entertainment of the season. Piano and vocal solos, readings, glee club and quartet music made spicy with buck and wing dancing and with the silly songs and sayings of "Midnight" (Eldridge Hornbeak) and "Day Break" (Harry Singleton.) We were

also banquetted and highly complimented by our acting Captain, Lieutenant P. J. Cantwell. While we sing and dance and feast, details are moving our pieces to the station where they are being loaded, for we are off to the Front tomorrow.

OCTOBER 27—10 a. m., and we are bidding goodbye to Camp LaCourtine. All day we travel through beautiful Southern France. We see many soldiers of all nationalities and also many German prisoners. Some are clad in shabby mismatched uniforms while others wear grass green suits or gray uniforms. They all wear round caps with red bands and two buttons on, one red and the other black. This is really like a pleasure trip.

OCTOBER 28—It was about 11 o'clock this morning that we drew into Froard watching an airplane combat from the doors and windows of our swell French box cars. There was no doubt about it, "old Boche" was on the look out and we knew it. He escaped unharmed, but no harmed, but no one was surprised when he returned tonight with his "buddies" to raid the town. We had unloaded our pieces and rolled them around on the road that runs along the canal. We had been assigned to our billets, messed and were up town making merry, when suddenly we saw unleashed searchlight beams leap to the floating cloud patches above and to the else unlighted sky; then a fraction of a second later and the red flame stabs of our anti-aircraft gun projectiles as they bursted overhead gave the assurance that our forces were on the job. The beams of the searchlights swept the sky and below multitudes of frightened citizens hastened to and fro through the crowded streets. The more curious than bold American soldiers sauntered up and down, from wine shop to wine shop where uneasy barmaids fretted because the doors were being opened and tried to explain, in French, the dangers of an unscreened light.

The electric cars running to Nancy were stopped and the lights cut out, but not until I had ridden in walking distance of this beautiful city, which since the beginning

FIRING DATA.

1st Bn 351st F. A.
October 31st, 1918.

OPERATION ORDER No. 1 — BATTERY B

Lay your gun on the following coordinates and be prepared to fire at any time tonight to give assistance to infantry.

No. 1 Gun on Battery at 38973, 24207. Take a point under systematic fire, increase in range 50 meters every minute until 200 meters have been covered, and then come back to starting point by same number of jumps. This is t obe repeated for 10 minutes, or until order of cease firing is given. Rate of fire: 2 rounds per minute.

P. S.—Call me up every 15 minutes to be sure communication is O. K. until midnight.

No Signature.

1st Bn 351st F. A.
October 31st, 1918.

OPERATION ORDER No. 2 — BATTERY B

Figure firing data and be prepared to open up on town of St.Jura (coordinates 38894, 23932) at any time you are ordered to. This is reprisal fire in case of firing on one of our towns. Rate of fire: 50 No. 5 Gas shells; 1 Round per minute.

No Signature.

In case of no gas shells, F. A. and short fuse.

1st Bn 351st F.A., Nov. 2, 1918.

Telephone order, Bt. Adj., received 2:30 P.M., November 2, 1918: Target to be used tomorrow: 378160, 248463.

No Signature.

of the war had been a constant victim of air raids. Here, too, the population was in an uproar while "old Fritze" was "strutting his stuff." Without any great damage he was driven off—Nancy suffering the death of seven of her citizens and Froard escaping by a hair's breath.

Thus ends my first year in the service, and as I lie down to rest, I hear the distant booming of howitzers. We are indeed in the valley of the shadow, and henceforth it must be shoot to kill.

OCTOBER 29—At 2 p. m., we began our journey to the real front. The rest of the Battery will follow tonight, but we, of the gun squads, are headed straight to the front, while the Battery is to rest in reserve at Ville au Val. After about seven hours journey we arrived at Belliview Wood, the scene of one of the most terrible battles of the war. It was night and we were not able to see much of this historic place, but we were able to feel its importance. We had mess here, after which we resumed our journey and arrived at our gun positions at 10 p. m. It is dark and as we place our guns in position we can hear the booming of cannons and the whistling of projectiles through the air. Our pieces in place, we retire for the night, in an old French barn where we try to make ourselves comfortable for the night.

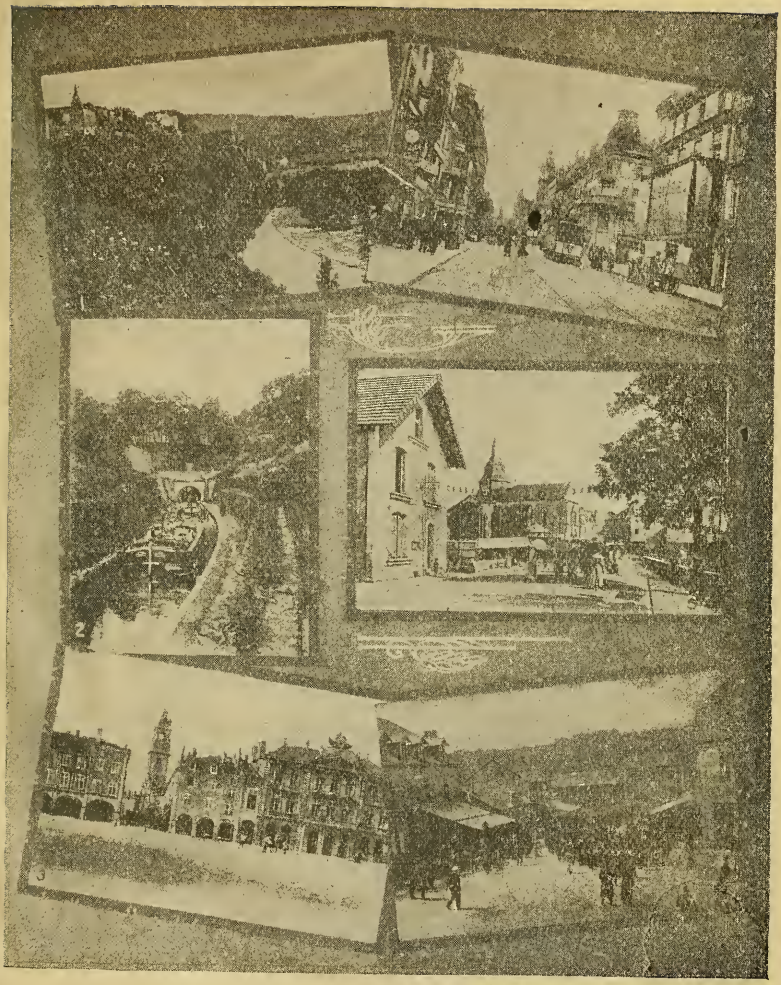
BACK WITH THE BATTERY—This was our first night's march. Packs were loaded on trucks and the Battery swung across the canal, through Pompey's unlighted streets. No one was to smoke, no one was to even light a match. All conveyances were without lights and but for a clear sky with its myriad of sparkling stars we were cloaked in darkness. About midnight we crossed the Mosslle and struck the high road to Vile au Vall. There crouching on the slope of the hill were our barracks. Our spirits grew lighter as we neared this haven of rest, but we were to be sadly disappointed, for the news swept down the line that the barracks were already occupied by doughboys and that we must sleep without on the ground. Lieutenant Rogers had made his bed on the

side of the road and those who had preceeded us in trucks (details of men who could not make the trip by foot) had taken possession of all the surplus shelter that this little muddy hole afforded. Disgusted and sorely we sought out the more comfortable spots, and even there, where frost had already fallen, lay ourselves down, while others noisily, profanely, full of horse-play and ear-burning jests tramped all night up and down the muddy road.

Morning broke, revealing a mass of frost covered khaki blankets from under which crawled an entire regiment, bewildered and stiff with cold. A sip of good, hot coffee to drive out the chill and we were smiling again. About noon the doughboys moved out and we took possession.

OCTOBER 31—The forest lay dim and hushed beyond the fringe; on one side stood Pont a Mousson from which Joan of Arc raised her head to kiss the drifting clouds, while behind us St. Genevieve rose a ghostly mass of shattered walls; whispering leaves, crisp with Autumn's frosts, and crackling twigs sounded sharp as a shower of stones in the stillness. Great trees that once reared their majestic heads to mingle their foilage and shut out the light, were now but shattered stumps; every creeping, flying, walking creature, save man, awed, frightened or murdered, had left this a wilderness of human frightfulness. And this is the front—the valley of the shadow of death—by day an abode of vague murmurings deeper than silence; by night a burning hell.

"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Our gas shells go over and their's come back. Five nights we have sent over these missives of death. At first we got immediate replies but now Fritze seems to be thinning out in this part of the fray and while we use to wake to find the roads shattered and shell torn, it is only an occasional whistling through the air we hear now and we wait to learn that it is only a dud. Wounded and gassed doughboys pass us going back to the hospital. On the road an occasional ammunition or food truck is



1.—Liverdun.

2.—Liverdun. (tunnel entrance)

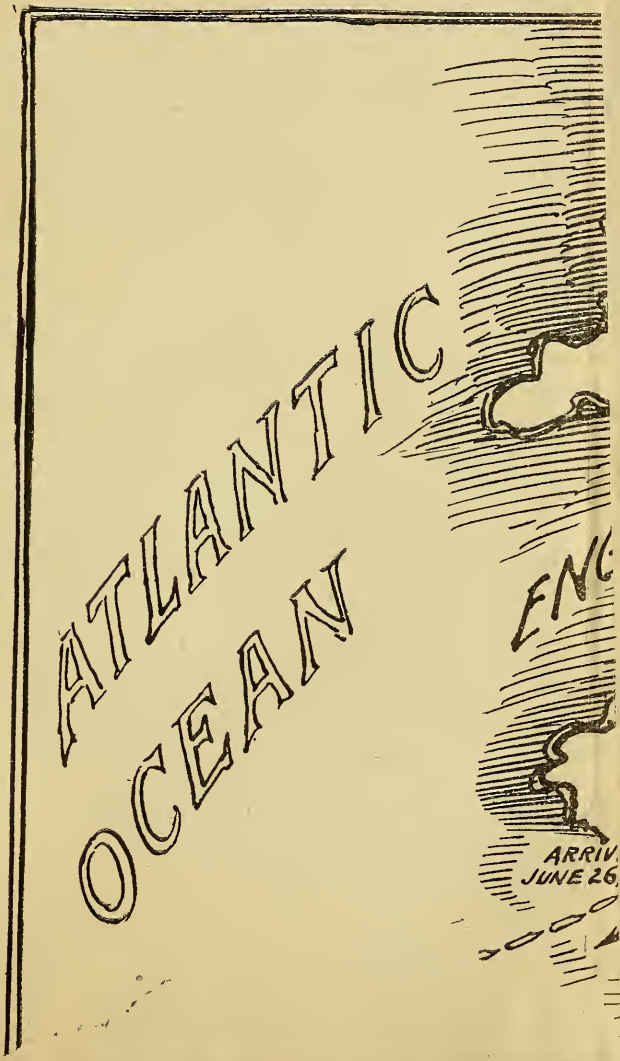
3.—Pont-a-Mousson, (near front)

4.—Nancy.

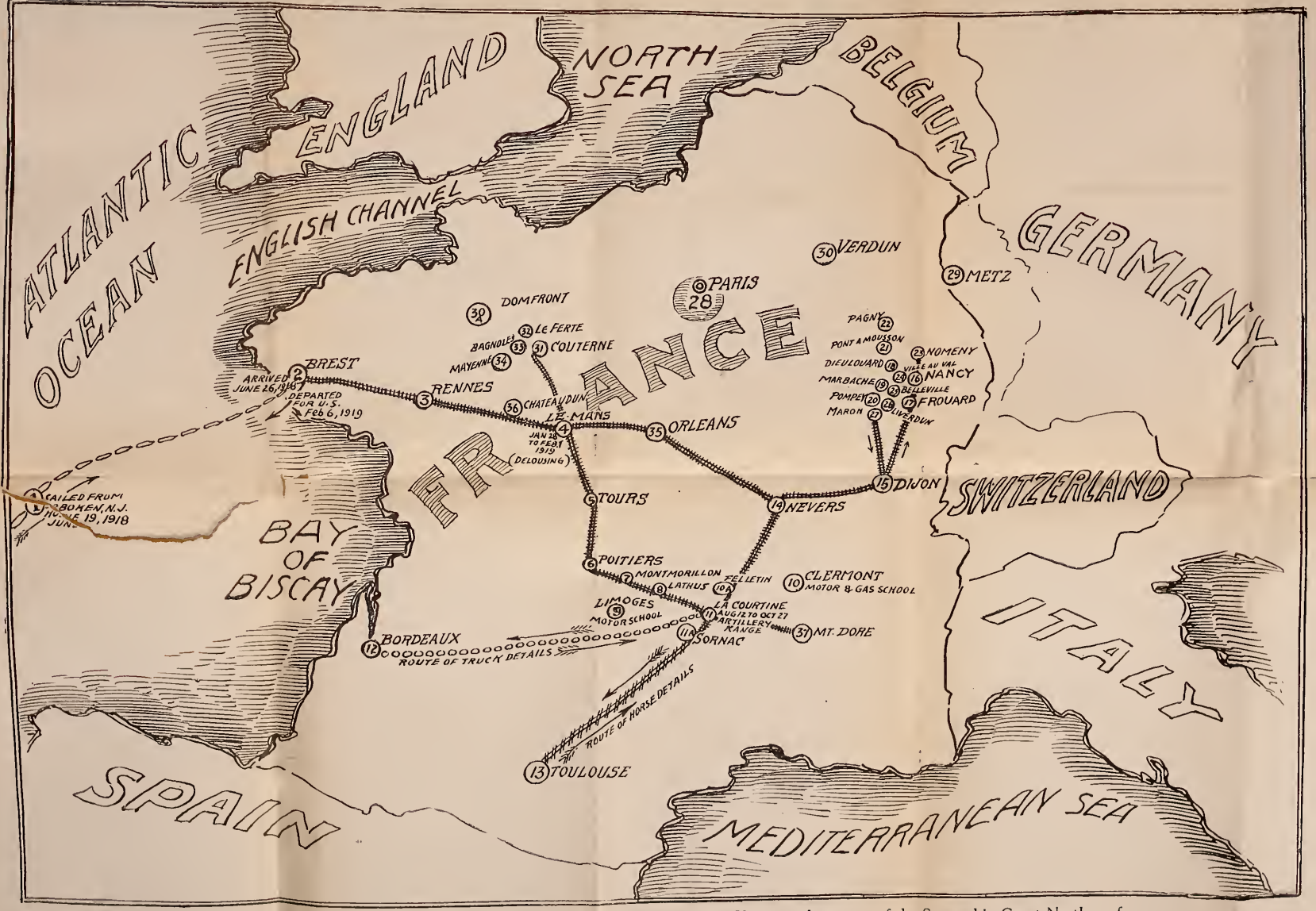
5.—Lathus. Postoffice.

6.—La Courtine.

Rou



Route Taken by 351st F. A. to the Line of Battle.



Various stages in the travels of the 351st and how they were accomplished—Showing the route of the Steamship Great Northern from Hoboken, New Jersey, to the port of Brest, France; showing the location of the most important cities and villages through which it passed enroute to and from the Battle Front and the place where it was located when the Armistice was signed.

This Book and Map—Copyright by J. E. Moore

1.—Pont-a-Mousson

2.—Cafe in Couterne.

3.—Cauterne.

4.—Lathus

5.—French Peasants.

6.—Town near Port sur seille.

seen, while on either side, telephone men tamper with their tangled heap of wires.

NOVEMBER 5—Transferred back with the Battery, I am acting as 1st Sergeant, as 1st Sergeant Jackson has gone on leave. I could not stay away from the boys, however, and just had to go up and see how things were rocking along. They are in the new positions and as happy as if they were feasting. "Old Boche" is ever on the alert, scouting in his elusive little airplanes, while our anti-aircraft guns pump away at them for all they are worth. The boys are delighted because of the good chow they are getting now. "Nothing to do during the day except eat and sleep, and at night throw gas shells at old "Boche."

NOVEMBER 10—We are beginning to feel like old regulars. It is very seldom now that old Fritze returns the fire, but instead he sends over his airplanes which keep our anti-aircraft guns ever bleching away. Today I saw them (our gunners) bring down an enemy plane. Shrapnel from our guns fell all around me.

Before we moved up to our new positions today we had to locate and destroy an enemy machine gun nest. This we did on the double, killing and chasing them from their lair. We fired for about two hours preparing to make our advance safe. When we had prepared and camouflaged our new positions,the tractors came bringing our pieces and very soon we were again ready for action.

Had a very exciting trip back to the Battery: Our gas gave out, the truck was halted and old Fritze had shells falling all about us. We had to duck and dodge in every direction as dugouts were then too far away. Several doughboys of the 365th were also with us returning to the hospital as casuals. They had been gassed and were even yet not out of danger. We managed to crawl through the barrage and reached our billets about 1 a. m. This was my closest call.

NOVEMBER 11—4 A. M., and we are laying a hell of a barrage. The Infantries are to go over this morning

and the whole forest screams with flying shells. About nine o'clock word reached us that this effort had failed—the doughboys were late going over and lost about five hundred men.

11 A. M., and we receive the following order:

"Headquarters 1st Battalion 351st F. A., A. E. F.
November 11th, 1918.

"All firing will cease at 10:45 A. M., November 11, 1918. Battery Commanders will notify every man in their organization that they will under no conditions have any intercourse with the enemy in any way while the Armistice is in force.

"Battery Commanders will check up their Batteries and organize their positions. Find shelters for the men that are as comfortable as possible, but keep the organization in such shape that it can move on short notice.

By command of Major _____"

The boys are mad with joy, but somehow it is hard to believe. Already some German soldiers are over this side conversing with the boys—"Le Guerre Finis."

NOVEMBER 12—We lost no time but moved in from the front "tout suite." Today we mingle with the French and drink to VICTORY. Never before has the little village seemed so small. The wine shops teem with soldiers returning from the front as they thirst to quench their four years' thirst for peace.

NOVEMBER 13—Our Battery commander seemed to be at a loss as to the nature of program he would follow today. After a brief drill we passed through physical examination and were then ordered to roll packs preparatory to making our first steps toward home.

NOVEMBER 14, 15, 16—Again on the road. Hard sleeping on damp ground and poor food. From Ville au Val we hiked to Belleville where for two nights we slept on the damp banks of the canal. Even the air was damp and we had to build big fires in order to keep ourselves warm and dry. On the third day we were given orders

to strike tents and roll packs. After a most punishing hike of ten kilometers, we reached Pont a Mousson, where in the deserted homes of a once happy and prosperous people, we found shelter for the night.

NOVEMBER 18—After yesterday's (Sunday's) rest we are out early and ready for a short hike "sight seeing tour." Today we passed through many shell torn villages, some entirely destroyed. The roads are dotted with shell holes and on either side the trees have been splintered to stumps by flying shrapnel. Thousands of feet of barbed wire stretched along the side of the roads and here and there the silence of the dead points out to us the graves of our fallen heroes. We visit the strongly built enemy dugouts and trenches where we find souvenirs of all kinds. The feeling comes over me that now we have changed from a fighting unit to that of a tourists' excursion.

Details are being sent back to Belleville to clean up the pieces standing along the banks of the canal, across the bridge from the big prison. Recently several soldiers have been hanged here, and from along the banks of the canal one may see the gallows from which they were hanged. We have received word that our guns will not be taken home with us. Already our tractors have been turned over to a white regiment in the Army of Occupation.

Rumor has it that so many soldiers from each Battery will be transferred to labor battalions and are to be left in France. The gunners of the big gun which we saw on rails at Belleville, told us that already so many men from each Battery of their Regiment had been transferred and we begin to fear less we, too, may be separated.

NOVEMBER 19—Sight-seeing is proving to be a Regimental pastime. Today, near the famous battlefield between Pont a Mousson and St. Genevieve we saw the graves of a thousand fallen heroes. Thousands of Allied prisoners pass us as we hike, returning from German prison camps poorly clad, pale and foot sore they come—

HEADQUARTERS' COMPANY 351st FIELD ARTILLERY

Italians, Belgians, English, Canadians, Algerians, all, all —officers and enlisted men alike—some with a smile and a song and some the very picture of death. Thru villages raked by shell fire we tramp. Here we see a wrecked church and there a shattered cemetery. Further on we arrive at a chain of dugouts, the famous and much talked of electric lighted dugouts. Here we put in the whole afternoon. In these strongly constructed defenses "Old Boche" was indeed a match for any foe and well had he proven it.

NOVEMBER 20, 21, 22—These days we spent in cleaning up the front. Every bit of evidence of fighting that can be removed, we are removing, while trucks come up from Belleville and cart it off. Shells, powder, camouflage and every conceivable kind of equipment that a soldier is liable to leave on the front during a hasty movement, is being put in a pile and carted off. During the days that we were in action only the gun squads, telephone details and instrument details, together with a few extra details had seen service at the front. These numbered about two hundred and fifty men from each Battalion. Now, however, it was up to the entire Regiment to clean up, and so it was that many of the boys who had otherwise been afforded no previous opportunity of coming up, were offered this opportunity to see where the regiment had met the enemy. It might be mentioned here, however, that during the two weeks following the signing of the armistice, many of the fellows went across No-Man's-Land seeking souvenirs.

One afternoon our Battery visited Nomeny. Here on the summit of the most prominent hill, stands the statue of Joan of Arc. This little village, built around the statue, had also suffered from air raids, and the long range guns of the enemy. Not only had they shattered the ancient walls of this quaint little village, away up in the sky, but even the statue bore evidence of having suffered from flying shrapnel. From the highest position we could see the great fortress Metz in the distance,

standing there a bulwark of German military achievement. Before leaving we were tempted to ring the bells that hang in the tower and to write our names on them. During these three days we visited Montauville near which village the 367th Infantry and the 350th Field Artillery fired their last shots at the retreating Hun.

DECEMBER 8—For two weeks we have been policing the area in which we are billeted. Pont a Mousson before the war was a city of 22,000 inhabitants. So swiftly had the enemy swept down upon these people that they were forced to desert their homes, taking with them only what they could cart away and leaving the rest to the pillaging armies. During the four years of frightfulness, in which time the city was alternately lost and won, it suffered the pillaging of both friend and enemy armies, and now, all that remains is what each had plundered and thrown aside. In many of the dwellings we find complete furnishings—bedroom sets, kitchen sets and complete sitting room furnishings, but everything disorderly and bearing every evidence of the pillagers' hands. These are the homes that we must set in order, burning the waste and sparing everything of value. This indeed, is quite an interesting task for the curious minds and in a sense we, too, repeat the act of pillaging, searching every corner for souvenirs, and in the wine cellars for what those who have preceeded us might have overlooked. No wine was to be found, however, nor anything of value for those who had come before us were skilled in plundering, nor did they have to hurry in their task.

DECEMBER 15—These are days of long hikes with full packs. Rumor has it that we are to hike forty kilometers to Maron where we are to get a train going West. Every day, hike, hike, hike and every hike with full packs. Today we hiked to Vandiers, through Pagny, and Moselle, all shell-torn villages, and bearing every evidence of four years of wicked, hellish warfare. Some few French families have returned to their homes and at Pagny and Moselle we find a Japanese unit quartered.

BATTERY "B" 351st FIELD ARTILLERY

With Major Gilbert in charge, we have managed to irk out the last of nine kilometers and with packs growing heavier, we begin to retrace our footsteps. This is indeed a task and many of us rather think we preferred the dugout life to such as this.

DECEMBER 16—Sunday and an opportunity for just a little rest. I visited Mountaville today where I met some friends of the 367th Infantry who were billeted there. We spent the day in telling of our wild experiences while in France and while on the front. The doughboys can tell some hair-raising stories and should make swell entertainers when they get back to the States.

DECEMBER 18—This morning we received our emergency rations, four packages of hardtacks made in 1863, and one can of monkey meat (corn beef.) These rations we carry with us are to be used only in dire cases of necessity. Any soldier who violates this order is subject to court martial.

Major Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute is here in company with Lester Walton of the New York Age. As many of the boys as were not on details and especially those former students and graduates of Tuskegee listened to a very interesting talk by him in the Infirmary court yard. His talk was full of inspiration and good cheer. Stating that the President had given him privilege to visit France and speak to the boys of the race, he made a strong appeal to the boys that they return to their homes and settle down as men of the future to useful employment. With him leading, we sang his favorite song "In Bright Mansions Above."

To make the day a more perfect one, my Christmas parcel arrived. You can imagine the joyous feeling which possessed me. I was reminded of my childhood days when old Santa used to slip down the chimney with my goodies.

DECEMBER 19—Awakened to reveille for the last time in the grey French morning of Pont a Mousson, very soon we had slung packs and were ready to move out.

At ten o'clock, after our billets had been carefully inspected by the Colonel, the order was given to move out. The First Battalion moving out ahead and the second and third following, we were soon a long snaky line of silently moving khaki.

And this was the beginning of that long and much longer heralded hike. With forty-five minutes to hike and fifteen minutes to fall out, we swung up the high, white roads that leads to Toul. It was on this road that we met a French artillery regiment, with 155mm howitzers and horse drawn. Here was another opportunity to see the beauty of France, and it appeared all the more beautiful for we were winding away toward the Golden West.

In the evening, when the shadows were growing longer, the packs were getting more burdensome; when men ahead in the Supply Company and Battery "A" were falling out by the wayside, Battery "B" was just beginning to "get right" on this her long prepared for journey. The shadows grow longer still, but in the distance the towering steeple of a cathedral flashes in view. It is Liverdun and below we see both canal and river as they circle through the valley, while in solemn grandeur the city on one side and on the other side the green topped forest, look down with jealous eyes. This is indeed the most beautiful place we have visited. The river and the canal vie with each other to make the whole a land of beauty.

DECEMBER 20—After a snatched sleep in hay barns, for this was the only shelter Liverdun offered, we tumbled out to mess and as usual to explore the new town. High town was a congested lot of closely built stone dwellings with a main street which was hard to find, while below lay Lowtown, along the railroad track and on the banks of the river. Here we were given an opportunity to "live high" and this is how we lived:

Breakfast of two dozen eggs (for six hungry men) 8 francs per dozen; roughly $3.20 in American money.

Mutton, pork chops or ham, 12 francs or $2.40.

Jam, 3 francs or 60 cents.
French fried potatoes. 5 francs or $1.00.
Butter, 4 francs, or 80 cents.
Bread, 2 francs or 40 cents.
Beer, two bottles to the man $1.92.

All this, the average meal and three times a day amounting to $30.96 plus the three francs for preparing the uncooked food and the china service. Divided, each man paid his 25 francs per day or his 8 or 9 at each meal with no thought of the frightful total. Thus we lived three days at Liverdun.

DECEMBER 21—Today we ran short of rations and each man had to turn in his supply of emergency rations. Nothing to do but rest, ramble and explore. Once today the Battery hiked up the hillside for wood. Many of the boys have learned that Pompey and Froard are but a few kilometers away, and up along the canal that runs over the river many of them hike and search for mischief—soldier like.. One, Private Farrington, fell into the canal trying to avoid a collission with an auto. He was not hurt but was thoroughly wet. Today I visited the big ammunition plant on the road to the river. Here I saw both men and women at work—not making shells, however, for now France has really begun to study war no more. This, in time of war, was the object of many airplane raids, for here were many thousands of 75 and 155 shells.

DECEMBER 22—Out of our bunks of straw at 1 a. m., long before dawn, and with full packs, we descend the slippery streets on the side of the hill, while a cold mist patted us in our faces. The Batteries formed and the signal given, we began our journey out of Liverdun, across the iron bridge that spans the river over which the canal runs. And now as we ascend the 1700 meter hill and small flakes of snow begin to settle over our caps and packs, a song rings out upon the chilly morning air, "There is rest for the Weary." Soon the top of the hill is reached and we strike a good road. The entire forest

Yanks. But still it snows and as dawn breaks, far down rings with the joyous shouting of a thousand happy the line we see a string of slowly moving soldier boys and from them rises the puff of white vapor like the steam from a thousand panting buffaloes. Outrunning the snow storm, we arrived at Maron about 8 a. m. Here through an error on the part of our officers, we entered the French box cars overlooking the river. No sooner had our mistake been discovered than we marched out into the streets and again into the straw billets of Maron's hospitality.

DECEMBER 25—The day dawns and finds us packed like sardines in swiftly moving American box cars. The car in which I ride smells of smoke and even so do we who have had to let the smoke from a French coal fire saturate our clothes. It is cold and we should prefer being closer together and snug, but instead we are cramped and piled against one another. Monkey meat and hard tack is our breakfast, dinner and supper and we shudder when we are reminded that today is Christmas—the first Christmas of the new era of peace. Today for the first time we seem to have a feeling of having made a sacrifice and to have sacrificed all that is dear to one on this day of the year. And all our Christmas cards and letters have been fervently expressive of a Christmas so unlike ours today. Despite all these thoughts however, we try to be light of spirit and as we swallow the last bit of our Christmas dinner we choke down a sigh and an oath.

DECEMBER 26—This was Couterne, cleanest little French town ever. I was frightened speechless this morning when I met several fellows with whole loaves of bread under their arms. Cognac was flowing freely and every soldier's breath possessed that gladsome fragrance. Every Frenchman was extending a welcome and so crowded were the butcher shops that a fellow had to be on his toes if he had any hopes at all of being served. This was another of the beautiful little cities that had

never before seen an American soldier, and as to them, as well as to us, this day was a holiday. The boys were feasting for sure and while there had been no real Christmas the day before, believe me, the boys were celebrating their Christmas, Thanksgiving and New Year. Eating, drinking and resting was our program, nor did a single fellow shirk his part.

DECEMBER 27—There will be no afternoon formations until after the New Year. We drill a little in the forenoon and have physical exercises, but not much of either because of bad shoes. Tonight we enjoyed a five reel movie show in the schoolyard.

JANUARY 1—New Year in the A. E. F. for us was not unlike any other day with the exception that we hiked six kilometers to Bagnoles for bath—the first since we left Pont a Mousson. Bagnoles is a French summer resort, a very, very beautiful little city nestling in the wooded hills where the idle rich spend their summers. Here they enjoy the mineral water baths and it was here that our entire regiment was bathed in this pool of chilly water in the cold month of January. Many of the fellows were quarrelsome but were all made to take the bath, after which we hiked back to a New Year dinner of salmon instead of the longed-for extra New Year dinner of sweets and good things.

JANUARY 2—We are back to our regular program of regular drills, physical exercises and inspections. Our billets are all being numbered and we are told that it is in this area that all troops returning to the States will rest before going to LeMans to delouse. The kitchen has been moved from around the corner by the church, down near the school house where we make all formations. It rains night and day and we have no fires for we are billeted in barns filled with hay.

JANUARY 5—Today four of us hiked ten kilometers to LaFerte Mace. Here centered around the large cathedral we met many madamoiselles who spoke fairly

good English. Many of them are obsessed with the idea that all Americans are rich and even venture to tell us that we are also rich. We blush and pass on. At a little wine shop nearest the cathedral we enjoyed a dinner of pork roast, French fried potatoes, salad and vin blanc. It was very necessary that we reach camp at Couterne for retreat, therefore bidding our new acquaintances au revoir, we purchased tickets, costing only 32 cents, and boarded the 3 o'clock train for camp.

We arrived just as first call was being sounded, stood retreat and thus ended the rare pleasure of our Sunday, spent partly at home and partly at La Ferte.

JANUARY 6—These are days of shoe shortage, food shortage, wet clothes, no fire and continuous rains. Those who have bad shoes and sore feet are placed on details which remain around their billets and police up, while those with good shoes take long hikes. We are learning to love Courterne as we learned to love Lathus, and every evening we visit the homes of friendly madamoiselles. After retreat the band gives a short concert in front of the cathedral.

JANUARY 7—A disciplinary camp has been established and all those boys who have been A. W. O. L. must be placed in this camp from 15 to 18 days. Here their punishment takes the form of an 18 mile hike daily with full packs, even on Sundays and holidays. Money is running low again and they say we will get no more pay until we reach Brest. A new order has been issued which provides for a guard in every billet at night. This is a nuisance, but the boys serve good naturedly. The women wash our soiled clothes in the stream that flows past our Battery office and when we offer them pay, they refuse. It is getting cold and we go to the station for wood, which we burn in the street outside our straw filled billets.

JANUARY 8—The soldiers are beginning to receive new shoes. It continues to rain—a slow drizzle—and to grow colder. Many of the girls invite us to their homes

BATTERY "C" 351st FIELD ARTILLERY

where they serve us hot coffee spiked with cognac. It has been discovered that certain soldiers in a certain billet have "cooties." The whole camp is being disinfected while the men are being examined at the infirmary for these pests.

JANUARY 15—This is the day that we were hoping to leave for Le Mans, but instead an order has been issued that we delouse here so that we will not be detained at Le Mans. The boys are very much disgusted with the method of delousing and many are vowing that they will not go through this process. The announcement is made that he who is inspected at the port of embarkation and found with cooties will not sail. Bath houses are prepared and each man is made to take a hot shower and to do other frightful and irrating things—supposingly, going through the delousing process. We are to leave for Le Mans as soon as every man is put through this process and every one is busy trying to get into shape.

JANUARY 16—Over night the stream has swollen until now it is out of its banks, and the family which lives across the bridge from our office is water bound. The floor of the wash shed at the end of the alley which comes out in front of the Cathedral is covered with water and the women cannot wash. We go on delousing and getting new shoes.

JANUARY 17—Today we hiked to Bagnoles on parade and while returning were caught in a rain storm. The boys were thoroughly wet and there is no place to dry. The men are beginning to make formations according to height and it is rumored that the General will be through soon and we are to pass in review. In the meantime we are eating salmon for breakfast, salmon for dinner and salmon for supper time. At some meals we have coffee without a grain of sugar—barefoot coffee—and some meals, no coffee at all. Yesterday it was barefooted with no stockings—cold.

JANUARY 20—It is rumored that our train will soon arrive. Already the 349th has left Domfront for

we saw them pass through, enroute to Le Mans today. We all hesitate at the thought of leaving Couterne so soon and we are promising our friends that some day we will return to France and to Couterne to pay them a visit. They have been like mothers, wives and sweethearts to us and while we await the arrival of our box cars we spend our idle moments enjoying the waining pleasures of their genuine hospitality.

JANUARY 24—This morning dawned clear and as details load the officers' bedding and the office supplies into the cars, our friends stand along the station front in the warm sunshine and engage us in farewell conversations. Along toward 1:00 o'clock we began our six hour ride to Le Mans. It is cold in the cars and no fires are permitted. At 7:30 P. M. we drew into Le Mans. While the regiment hiked out to the camp I remained in charge of the baggage detail.

JANUARY 25—At five A. M. I piled into a truck and rode out to the camp where I turned in for a short but pleasant nap. Quite early after mess I went in search of some of my doughboy friends—367th and 368th. The whole 92nd Division is here, as it is here that all Divisions enter and are deloused before going to the States, provided they are to sail from Brest. Here soldiers have nothing to do but get cleaned up and equipped for the trip home. We are already clean and were placed in clean barracks instead of pup tents. Here we saw, for the first time, the Infantry and Artillery Buffalo. This is indeed a large camp but I am sick of them all now and am anxious to go home.

JANUARY 27—With neatly arranged pack carriers the whole Division, banners flying and the music of infantry and artillery bands playing, stands ready to pass in review before General Pershing. The parade ground is a vast sandy plane and in the back ground is a French Artillery.

Just for practice we swing around the field once while the band plays. Here we eyes right, and a little

further on we double time. It is cold and we hope it will not be long until the General arrives. At last he has come and the whole Division stands at attention in platoon formations. We being the heavy artillery are on the extreme left and are last to be inspected. He makes it snappy and compliments the whole Division. We are glad when the time comes for us to pass in review and overjoyed at the opportunity to "strutt our stuff," in front of General Pershing.

Each regiment filed out and back to the camp. It was here that the biggest "bone" of our A. E. F. activities was "pulled" when, even though on the tail end of the parade, and with thousands of soldiers leading us, Battery "B" lost its way back to the camp and went five kilometers out of the way.

Nevertheless, because, of the congested roads, as so many troops had preceeded us, we reached camp just as Battery "A" was entering, and in time for mess.

JANUARY 28—The boys of our battery have been so fortunate as to escape Le Mans. I do not know the results of the general examinations of our regiment here, but evidence points to the fact that the 351st has stood the test. As we stood in battery formation with full packs and ready to move out the report of a revolver was heard nearby. A fraction of a second later we were informed that the revolver of a certain officer had been accidently discharged, the ball passing through his tent, through the wall of the barracks nearest his tent and instantly killing Mech. E. Jones of Battery "D." This was indeed an unfortunate occurance but we resign ourselves to the will of God and like soldiers pass on to other duties.

Reaching a long string of American box cars, we entrain, unsling packs and begin to make ourselves at home. Maybe this is to be our last journey, by rail, in France.

On the following afternoon we drew into Brest. After mess, near the detraining station we slung packs

and hiked out to the Pontanazen Barracks where we were billeted in tents.

FEBRUARY 2—Here for the last few days in this most detestable camp, we have been putting on the finishing touches. Thousands and thousands of soldiers are here and they work day in and day out, not even stopping at night. But every thing seems to be toward one end, and they tell us that tomorrow we are to embark. This is one of the strictest camps in France, discipline being enforced to the letter. Marines have charge of the M. P. duties and exact every military courtesy from both officers and enlisted men. The kitchen here handles from ten to thirty thousand soldiers at each meal. Batteries and Companies must march up at attention and in charge of officers when going to and fro through the camp. When the men finish their mess they return to their billets marching at attention and in charge of a non-com. Each day kitchen details are sent up to help at this tremendous task of feeding so many soldiers.

Yesterday we were marched to the Pontanazen Barracks Infirmary Headquarters where we were again examined for cooties. And tonight as it rained news came into the battery office that the third Battalion is not to sail with the rest of the Regiment.

FEBRUARY 3—We have been informed just what to do with our beds and where to put our two extra blankets. Policing details have been busy today, and while some were busy on the coal and wood details others were filling the water tank. We were paid on the first, and of course, many of us are passing away the time playing poker.

Tonight details were sent to Brest to unload food supplies from home (America) beef, pork, liver, bacon and every thing nice that we are just learning has been sent across. We wonder where it goes as we never get any. We had taken our mess kits and evidently were to work quite late, but word is received that we are to sail in the morning and back to the barracks we hasten

only to learn that our sailing has been postponed 24 hours.

FEBRUARY 4—Details go down to the boat and surely tomorrow we are to embark. Tonight while we wait for the "latest Latreen" Corporal Barnes brings it back that we move out in the morning, but the Third Battalion is not to sail with us. Three of our battery officers are to be left behind and one enlisted man.

FEBRUARY 5—Awakened at 4 A. M., we had soon returned from mess, policed up around our tents and rolled them from the sides. All fires were extinguished, bed ticks and blankets turned in and now we stood in Battery formation on duck boards that ran the entire length of our little narrow Battery streets. It was raining and our packs grew heavy while water wet us from head to foot. For an hour and fifteen minutes we stood there in the rain, like beast of burden, while our billets were gone through by the camp inspector.

When the inspection was finished we moved out through the muddy streets in the rain, toward Brest and to our waiting transport. But Brest was fully five kilometers away and the warehouse on the water's edge, from which we were to embark, measured no less than six kilometers from our starting place. The roads were all muddy and falling out was out of the question, therefore, on we trudged, stopping here and there for only three or four minutes to put a pack in proper shape.

At last we drew into the warehouse, away down on the edge of the water. Here we were made to stand with packs still unslung while Batteries ahead, filed down the gang plank and onto the ferry boat.

Beyond the breakwater the sea lay becalmed, and we saw a short distance ahead, two large transports. Finally going aboard, the farthest one, we were overjoyed at the opportunity to unsling packs and make curselves comfortable.

After mess we began our usual rambling—exploring he ship. Formerly the St. Louis, it is now the Louisville.

It is strongly built and has a very pretty mess hall, but is not so spacious as the Great Northern.

About three hundred soldiers, all casuals and few of the number, colored, beside a Company of the 368th are on board with us. There are also several nurses aboard who have seen service in the war zone.

Night comes down and from the decks we see the gleaming lights of Brest as they loom up across the water and like a million flittering fireflies are reflecting in the wind rippled waters of the bay. Soon we are to bid good-bye to France. The Colonel, radiant with joy, walks up and down the deck, for we have all played our part in the great big game, we have stood the test in No Man's Land and are headed home again. And now as we turn to our bunks below, our last thoughts are of home and our loved ones.

FEBRUARY 6—I was on deck at 3:30 this morning and to my surprise the ship had begun her journey; having pulled out of port at 1:00 o'clock sharp.

What wonderful meals, and no one is seasick for the sea is calm. It is not cold and we go on deck without overcoats. We are told that it will take at least eight or nine days to go over, but why should we care when we are homeward bound?

FEBRUARY 7—Once more there is nothing to do but eat and sleep. The waves have begun to roll high and both sailors and soldiers are sea sick. We learn that many of the sailors are making their last trip for they, too, hope to be mustered out upon reaching the States. There is a large canteen on the after deck but the sea is so rough and the ship tosses so much that very few soldiers dare approach this part of the vessel less they become sea sick.

FEBRUARY 11—The waves continue to roll high; we ran into a rain storm yesterday and today we ran into a hail storm. The wind is blowing at an average of ninty miles an hour and at times even the upper deck is swept

BATTERY "D" 351st FIELD ARTILLERY

by the leaping water. When the wind blows from the port side we are chased around to the starboard side while the doors which open on the port side are closed and made fast. If, then the wind changes and blows from the star board side we scamper around to the port side while the star board side doors are closed and made fast. And more than once we have been compelled to stay off deck altogether, because the sea is too rough.

This evening, during mess hours, there was an awful list—42 degrees to the star board side and 35 degrees to the port. Hundreds of soldiers in the mess hall were thrown back and forth across the floor. The lights went out and as the ship listed the weight of the soldiers as they held to the tables was too great and down came tables, men, mess kits, spoons, knives and forks, and, together with them, butter beans, coffee and hard tack, all flying in every direction across the slippery floor.

Down below, rifles slipped from their hangings and flew across the floor; frightened soldiers tumbled from their bunks and snatching life preservers made a wild rush for the decks.

When, at last the ship moved on smoothly, the lights came on and while the excitement abated, a thorough inspection was made to see if any one had been injured. Many of those soldiers who had been caught in the mess hall trap were taken wounded, bleeding and sore to the hospital ward.

It was a surprise to all that no one was severely injured, but fortunately no one was, and while the storm still rages we hug our life preservers and search for missing mess kits and run away rifles.

There comes that yearning now for land and we hesitate before going to our bunks, hoping that the storm will soon waste away.

FEBRUARY 14—We are entering smooth waters and the boys are beginning to police up their general appearance—getting their hair cut and their shoes

shined. Even those who have been sea sick and storm frightened are beginning to hop about on deck with a smile on their faces. Tonight in the Mess Hall several six round bouts of two minutes to the round were staged. Both soldiers and sailors were entrants. The hall was packed to its limits and soldiers and sailors even hung from the bunk frames. The winners were given the larger portion of a purse of $5.00 made up by the spectators. During the intivals Sgt. Gresham with his silly sayings made the fellows laugh.

FEBRUARY 15—With just about an eighteen hour journey before us, we began early this morning to roll our packs. The boys were busy writing telegrams and messages on the "welcome postals" which were issued us by the Y. M. C. A. secretary on board the ship. Fighting the "Flu," we continue the daily spraying of nose and throat while below the decks we mop the floor with a disinfectant. Today has been lovely—the sun shinning brightly and warm. Away off our star board side, we saw a vessel sailing in the same direction as we. It finally disappeared and we wonder if it is the Harrisbury.

As the day grows older we grow restless and wonder if it is not possible to pull up into harbor before midnight. The stiff wind that blows from the star board side is very cold and we cannot loiter on deck, therefore we, who cannot crowd into the concert vestibule where the sailor's band is entertaining, are first on deck bending our eyes to the skyline that we may be first to see a light, and then down below with some startling"latest latreen."

After the band concert the boys were entertained in the mess hall with jass band music, solos and again by Sergeant Gresham with his most popular hits, "Good-bye Joan of Arc, Hello, Miss Liberty," and "On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

Then came bed time. There were those who retired and slept well, but we who were more anxious to see "Miss Liberty" stood watch until the old bark pulled safely into port. For three hours our eyes followed the trail of lights which in the distance lighted the horizon

ahead of us like a chain of sparkling diamonds around some mammouth crown. And beyond those lights was America, home and everything. Everything dear that we had left for a while, in the great sacrifice, was there—mothers, fathers, wives, sweethearts, our families and our friends. This was our dream come true, and on the long ,ast mile of our journey these eyes of Mazda brilliance were welcoming us as they danced and smiled. We had returned and although storm tossed, weary, foot sore, wounded and still pursued by that most dreadful epidemic, Spanish Influenza, which even now we harbored, and to whom already too many had fallen victim, we were jubilant for it was "Over over there" and we were the victors.

Sweeter still, however, was the joy of being home again and tomorrow should prove it.

Nearer and nearer came the lights and with joyful hearts we bad good-bye to the day that brought us here and turned our fondest thoughts to the fullfilments of tomorrow's hopes.

FEBRUARY 16—Long before dawn we rolled our packs, policed up and were out on deck. Both soldiers and sailors were making ready to disembark. And when day dawned, unrolling to view "Miss Libierty" and Gotham's imposing skyline, we were overjoyed. At eight o'clock we hoisted Old Glory while the band played the Star Spangled Banner. Soon the Mayor and his reception committee drew up on our port side, showering the boys with tobaccoes and fruits, while on board their ferry another band played popular airs. The decks surged with eager soldiers who scrambled for a place from which to view these our anxious mothers, fathers and sweethearts. Wild with excitment we returned cheer for cheer until our ears burned with the rasping applause and our voices grew hoarse from the hearty yells.

Enroute to camp (Mills, L. I., N. Y.) we were served to cigarettes, cake, candies, sandwiches and all sorts of

goodies by the ladies of the Red Cross, Salvation Army, representatives of the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. We were ferried up the East River to _____ and thence to Camp where once more, in the "Land of the Free and the Brave" we found comfortable barracks with warm fires awaiting us, and plenty of food.

And this was the end of a perfect day, near the end of a journey, too. Already we were coming into our own. No sacrifice could have been too great for those who now welcomed us home and for those who had sent them to welcome us. But now, "Finis le Guerre" and finished is our first great day. We have reached the Golden West—God's country and here ends our story—the story of the 351st Field Artillery, America's first Black Artillerymen, "Pittsburg's Pride" the boys who put to flight the would-be spoiler of civilization, the boys who had made the "Kaiser shed his crown."

"So here's to the Yanks of the 351st Field Artillery
Who stood the test in No Man's Land in the fight for Democracy.
All praise to the Allied Nations and to our own Red, White and Blue
And now it's up to the Stars and Stripes to make it good for you.
Your gallant deeds are writ in gold across the page of time
And though some other mark may dim, yours may forever shine.
Your Division is set, a dazzling star in the Nation's martial crown
And you are the idol of the Brigade that put Bill Kaiser down."

HEADQUARTERS 351st FIELD ARTILLERY
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
GENERAL ORDER No. 3.

December 27, 1918.

When you landed in France you were acclaimed as comrades in arms, brothers in a great cause. In the days that have passed no man, no little child has had cause to regret that first glorious welcome. Surrounded by new and unusual conditions, beset by subtle temptations, you have kept your hearts high and with purpose fixed on the high ideal of service, you have put away those things that did not contribute strength for the task at hand. You have been men.

Through rain and in tents or in cold billets you have cheerfully pushed on to fit yourself for the final test and at length you came to the front lines. There, under fire by day and by night you served the pieces, sending back gas for gas and shell for shell, two for one. The orders reached the guns because you maintained the connections; the ammunition was there because neither the elements nor enemy stopped you. This mission has been accomplished and you have been what America expects her sons to be—brave soldiers.

Your first six months of service on foreign soil have ended; accordingly all Officers and enlisted men of the 351st Field Artillery are authorized and ordered to wear one Service Chevron. As surely as this chevron stands for something accomplished, just as surely it imposes an added obligation; it sets a new standard of soldierly qualities; it is a reminder of what manner of men you are. As you have earned it fairly and well, so you will strive to be worthy of it and of the things for which it stands, every man a guardian of the good name of the regiment.

By command of COL. WADE H. CARPENTER.

George C. Mather,
Captain F. A., U. S. A.
Adjutant, 351st Field Artillery.

EDW. J. TURGEON,
Major, Infantry, U. S. Army. (A true copy)

HEADQUARTERS 167th FIELD ARTILLERY BRIGADE
NINETY-SECOND DIVISION

1. In leaving the 167th Field Artillery Brigade to take up other duties the Brigade Commander wishes to record in General Orders the entire satisfaction it has given him to have commanded the first Brigade of Negro artillery ever organized. This satisfaction is due to the excellent record the men have made. Undrtaking a work that was new to them,they brought to it faithfulness zeal and patriotic fervor. They went into the line and conducted themselves in a manner to win praise of all. They had been picked for important work in the offensive which had been planned to start after November 11.

2. The Brigade Commander will ever cherish the words of the Commander in Chief, the compliments he paid in all sincerity to this brigade while he watched it pass in review last Wednesday. He wishes the Brigade to understand that these words of appreciation were evoked only because each man had worked conscientiously and unflaggingly to make the organization a success.

3. The Brigade Commander feels that he should also make acknowledgement in General Orders of the remarkable esprit-de-corps displayed by the officers of the Brigade. They were pioneers in a field where at the start success was problematical. This being the first Brigade of its kind ever organized, it has been only natural that the work of the men should have been featured prominently, yet the same prominence and the same praise should be accorded the officers. While the Brigade Commander takes this occasion to speak of their splendid work, he believes that their greatest praise will come from the men themselves, not only now, but ever in greater measure when they have returned to civilian life and have secured the perspective of time and experience that will teach them how fortunate they were in making the race's initial effort as artillerymen under officers who were both skillful artillerymen and sympathetic leaders.

By command of Brigadier General SHERBURNE
HARRY KING TOOTLE
1st Lieut. F. A., U. S. A., Acting Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS OF 92nd DIVISION
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

November 18. 1918

MEMORANDUM:

Five months ago today the 92nd Division landed in France.

After seven weeks of training it took over a sector in the front line, and since that time some portion of the Division has been practically continuously under fire.

It participated in the last battle of the War with creditable success,continually pressing the attack against highly organized defensive works. It advanced successfully on the first day of battle, attaining the objective and capturing prisoners. This in the face of determined opposition by an alert enemy, and against rifle, machine gun and artillery fire. The issue of the second day's battle was rendered indecisive by the order to cease firing at eleven A. M.—when the armistic became effective.

The Division Commander, in taking leave of what he considers himself justly entitled to regard as his Division, feels that he has acomplished his mission. His work is done and will endure. The results have not always been brilliant, and many times were not encouraging, yet a well organized, well disciplined, and well trained colored Division has been created and commanded by him to include the last shot of the great World War.

May the future conduct of every officer and man be such as to reflect credit upon the Division and upon the Colored race.

By command of
MAJOR GENERAL BALLOU:
ALLEN J. GREER,
Colonel, General Staff,
Chief of Staff.

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